

COOLIDGE SAYS YOUNG GET TOO MUCH MONEY; PARENTS ARE BLAMED

Careless Generosity, Vice-President Believes, Is One of Principal Causes of Juvenile Enterprises in Crime—Asserts Children, Freed of Wise Restraint, Can Buy All Pleasures.

A NEW HAVEN train with precisely the technique of a cocktail shaker decanted at Northampton, Mass., in the unbelievably early morning, a newspaper writer under instructions to examine the mind of Calvin Coolidge, Vice-President of the United States. There are two reasons why visitors from afar alight at Northampton. One is to learn if Smith Coolidge is still hobnobbing with the other. The other is to find out if Mr. Coolidge still believes that democracy (with a small d, of course) can keep off the rocks. In both cases, let it be said at once, the answer is yes.

It was one of those New England mornings that made you think of the boom Riley wrote about November in Indiana. There were no frosted pumpkins on the depot platform. The nearest thing to it was a taxicab man with a snuffbox and a congealed nose—no indications whatever of the warmth of his heart and the sunniness of his disposition. Information flowed from him with the ceaseless murmur of Thompson's brook.

While this piece concerns the most law abiding Vice-President we ever had, a survey of some of his ideas after two years in the curious office provided by the Constitution for destined victims, it surely is interesting to report that on the way from the depot to the Coolidge cottage the philosopher taxicab man discussed with a fine, free and tolerant spirit these current topics: Henry Cabot Lodge and the whyness of his close call, liquor (pronounced liker), Harvard and some of its recent contributions to racial discussion, Smith Coolidge and the days when the president used to invite all the girls to Sunday night supper, motion picture censorship, the influence of foreigners ("furriners") upon American life, and Coolidge in many aspects. All this in less than a half hour.

Elected Seventeen Times.

"It's a funny thing 'bout Cal," said the gas jockey. "They never could beat him, somehow. Know how many times he's run for office? Seventeen, that's all; seventeen! Always win easy. There's sumthin' 'bout Cal 'at people like. He's kinda quiet and 'ain and he don't go round acclappin' folks on the back, but that don't make him no icicle. He's warm and hearted. Cal is. He likes people. Dry fellow, too. Says things that don't maybe sound much at first, but that make you pop your sides next day."

This was produced as progress was made perfunctorily through Smith College campus, where probably 2,000 young and very peppy young women were getting into action, swarming like bees all over the walks and the greensward. The philosopher at the wheel had to drive with exceeding care to avoid being run over and obliterated by these intense young females of the new day.

"Great gals," he said handsomely. "They raise 'em different nowadays. Dressed 't if they ain't as able as the boys be."

The car eluded the last whirlpool of the feminine swirl and turned into a New England side street of elms and maples and white Colonial cottages, slowing up as it neared a two family cottage.

"That half's Cal's," the driver indicated with a wave of his free hand. "He's been livin' in Northampton 'bout twenty-five years, most of the time in that house. Understand they raised his rent last year. Costs sumthin' to live nowadays. Cal's payin' \$32 a month for his half. Yes, it's early, but he's an early riser. Allus was."

Infatigability Is Shown.

Here again was infatigability demonstrated, for a ring at the annunciator brought first the housekeeper, broom in hand, and then the Vice-President himself. He came down a flight of stairway buttoning his vest, quietly hospitable. There were the customary civilized greetings, mingled with election condolences whereupon Mrs. Coolidge appeared and waited her lord to breakfast.

Very thoughtfully the Vice-President provided his visitor with light reading matter. A brisk little volume entitled "History of Massachusetts" and on at the witchcraft chapters, a volume of Harvard lectures by Charles Francis Adams and the Springfield Republican were all that was needed, certainly, to start the day right.

But there was little need of this courtesy for Mr. Coolidge spent less time than a bird at the business of eating. He was back and set for discourse in less than ten minutes. There was hardly time indeed to note more than the positive features of the living room—as simple and modest as a living room can be found in 10,000 middle class cottages of the modest sort, a few framed mottoes on the wall; a double deck mantelpiece supporting a vase and an old pewter teapot; a center table holding the Bible, a box of cigars and odd volumes of dimmed literature; another table bearing gifts from the people, mostly gawdies of variegated woods with which to subdue a clamorous Senate; a deep, unbecomingly but extremely comfortable looking Morris chair in which the Vice-President sank almost out of sight, and two or three "rockers," also comfortable; a bookcase of perhaps a hundred volumes that had known hard service; "Brussels" carpet beloved of the American people; that was about all.

Glad to Rest at Home.

The Vice-President surrendered to ease and a cigar, with some remarks about the happiness of being able to relax in one's own home after weeks of speechmaking tours and life in noisy and elaborate hotels. He advanced these ideas very deliberately, seeming to weigh every phrase. There's no hurrying Mr. Coolidge. When the Willard Hotel was affire some weeks ago the Vice-President did not appear from his sequestered apartment until every last button had been buttoned and his hair had been brushed with its customary neatness. Cataclysms or vast natural forces in savage revolution might upset Mr. Coolidge's measured habits. Trivial occurrences fall utterly.

He pondered now for some minutes over a newly lighted cigar, and then one gathered from the fall of occasional words that his mind seemed to turn upon some present extravagant manifestations of our young people. He seemed to be turning crime over in his mind and to be seeking a connection between crimes of a sensational character and the possession of too much easy money. When he was quite ready, when the words had been selected and the phrases arranged to his satisfaction, he became vocal.

"Obviously there is an abnormal amount of crime tinged with scandalousness," he began. "The newspapers faithfully reflecting the abnormalities of

marriage nest of an undistinguished young couple. And here again and for the same reason their attitude is understandable and probably justified. One minute—"

This time he picked up the Bible, turned to Genesis and pointed out the trenchant account given of the fatal adroitness between the son of Adam, together with the succinct estimate there given of Cain's character.

"There was the beginning of newspaper reporting," said the Vice-President. "Why was Cain so characterized? Why was the homicide so emphatically set forth? Why have the newspapers been reporting murders and exulting on murders and other criminals ever since? Simply because these persons are unusual, uncommon. Their doings are unusual, uncommon. People demand to know about the unusual, the uncommon. They are little interested in the normal, the commonplace, the things they see taking place all around them; the things they do themselves. Crime after all, is the unusual thing. That is the interesting thing as life goes. That is why we had no report of the conduct and character of the other children of Adam."

Expected Change in Parents.

"So I think that there will come a change in the attitude of parents as regards this excessive liberality with the dynamite of society, cash. There will come a change in the national attitude toward thrift and the homely virtues. Such things as sensational crime, immorality, disrespect for law, violence, and the like, are but bubbles rising from the river bottom to explode harmless upon the surface of a deep, strong stream always moving in the right direction. There has never been so much good behavior, so many manifestations of moral feeling in this country. We don't see it so much in the big cities, it may be, but travel about the country as I have been doing the last few weeks and one sees it."

"I have found that people are interested in crime and sensationalism only superficially. That is, they are amused or diverted or agreeably excited or even pleasantly shocked by reading of such things. It may be, but they do not shock themselves with the ten cent thrillers. But their real interest in life is not so expressed. Their real interest is manifested in their work, in their home life, in their civic activities and in the great fraternal, patriotic and religious organizations that are the backbone of American life. When you go out to Cincinnati they take a great pride in showing you their new civic buildings, and the same is true in all of our cities. If it weren't so all civilized society would fly apart in ten minutes."

"If people were not grounded solidly in morality and religion life wouldn't be tolerable at all. We know that the address was in a scrawl, half print and half script.

The affair has caused a great sensation, not only because of the detective's grave mistake but because of an announcement that Scotland Yard officials had been handicapped in tracking the perpetrator through premature publication.

Although every avenue of suspicion is being followed by a big staff of detectives the outstanding theory is that the chocolate writer is not recognizable as a responsible person criminally perverted, without any concrete reason behind his motive. It is admitted that little progress has been made."

"Every so often, every half century or so, we get apprehensive about the safety of our institutions or worried about where the American people are heading. But the institutions keep on functioning very nicely on the whole and the people keep on struggling upward to a little higher grade of morality and civic righteousness and good taste and charitable expression. Charles Francis Adams says that away back in 1750 in New England there was a distinct letting down of moral conditions. But they picked up again. There are lettings down these days, but there are invincible comebacks."

Alarm Over Conditions.

"People do a lot of unnecessary worrying. They worry about the young women they called 'flappers.' I say let the flappers flap. They will flap out of it, whatever it is that people object to, eventually. Youth is not degenerate physically, mentally or morally. It is more than ever inspiring. All that it needs is more thoughtful direction on the part of parents and teachers. There ought to be an end of this poisonous radical teaching in the schools and colleges, teaching which germinates in diseased minds or diseased bodies, often both. Colleges and universities that are trying to root out this evil influence are acting courageously and wisely. But radicalism will not get very far in America. Look at Russia. Can anybody doubt that it is cooling off there and that Russia eventually will return to ordered, sane political and economic methods? Here such theories never had a chance."

"I'm old fashioned, but you will see before many years that old fashions will again be fashionable in this country; that old fashions of religious belief, moral conduct, honest work, thrift, square dealing in government, fair treatment of labor with the expectation of fair returns on labor's part, and so on."

Mrs. Coolidge entered at this juncture to acquaint her consort with the fact that they were invited to luncheon somewhere in the neighborhood, and for some minutes she paused while Mr. Coolidge turned the invitation over in his mind as a fairly pondered the pros and cons. The pros had it finally, and the lady was instructed to accept the invitation. The hour for luncheon was not a great way off and the visitor stood up to go.

The bell rang, and the Vice-President of the United States received a parcel of meat from the butcher's boy. He resumed a now quite casual chat about persons and events in Washington, and again the bell rang. The baker this time, and again the distinguished Vice-President acted as his own butler, if you can imagine butlers answering the bell of the service entrance. At the Coolidge cottage, however, butcher, baker and leman appear with friendly faces at the front door and greet the Hon. Cal as one neighbor to another. Except now they call him "Mr. President," though little shyly, as if "Cal" was really at the tip of the tongue.

"I was very glad to see you," he said in farewell. "There are not so many things I am at liberty to discuss, you know. Vice-Presidents seem relegated to silence and discretion."

BEARS ATTACK CATTLE.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., Nov. 11.—Bears have become so numerous in the Smoky Mountains, that the farmers from Knoxville, that they are attacking cattle. Encroachment of lumberjacks on the mountain feeding grounds of the bears has driven them into the farming section around Gatlinburg.

PUBLICATION OF CRIME NEWS.

"You see this is the kind of picture the newspapers like to print," Mr. Coolidge resumed. "And they are probably right. Their attitude is understandable and defensible. It would be difficult to get them to print a picture of the house across the way, just a new, pretty house soon to be the

FOUND ANYTHING? If so, see if it is advertised in the Lost and Found columns of to-day's New York Herald.

HORWOOD SCOFFED AT POISON WARNING

Ate Candy After Secretary Had Tasted and Found It Bitter.

SWEETS HELD ARSENIC

Scotland Yard Chief, Able to Take Nourishment, Is Improving.

FIND NO CLEW TO CRIME

Sender Believed to Be Person Who Lacked Concrete Motive.

Special Cable to THE NEW YORK HERALD. Copyright, 1922, by THE NEW YORK HERALD. New York Herald Bureau, London, Nov. 11.

Sir William Horwood, chief of Scotland Yard, was resting comfortably to-night, forty-eight hours after eating chocolates sent anonymously to his office by post and containing arsenic. He made a desperate struggle against the poison, but he took nourishment to-day and hope is entertained for his recovery.

Scotland Yard officials have made no arrest, though they have searched London continuously since last night. They believe the poisoning the work of either a lunatic or a group of persons plotting against the life of other citizens, and therefore have sent out a general warning to all to avoid eating food sent through the mails. But they refuse to name whom they suspect, if any one.

"Momentary Slip."

It was a "momentary slip" of a man accustomed to be constantly on his guard, when Sir William munched the chocolates sent to his office anonymously in a sealed cardboard box. The address was in a scrawl, half print and half script.

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Near Sir William's Birthday.

Sir William's chocolates were addressed to him, but the package was opened by his private secretary, Miss Gild Drysdale. It is stated that it is not unusual for anonymous letters and packages to be sent to Scotland Yard officials, and the greatest precautions ordinarily are observed regarding those whose handwriting is not recognizable. It was a coincidence, however, Sir William's birthday being near, and therefore, his friends say, he was not surprised to receive the candy. The box was not tied with ribbons, as might have been expected, but the detective's suspicions were not aroused.

Inside he found several large chocolates of not unusual appearance. He took one and put it into his mouth, giving one to his secretary. She took a small bite, but immediately detected a bitter taste, and told the chief. "Mine's all right," he replied, and continued to eat it."

Miss Drysdale ventured another bite, but the bitterness was still there, and she got rid of it by turning to the Commissioner, she said. "Don't eat it! Don't eat it!"

But Sir William continued to eat, and as he swallowed the first one, he remarked, "Yes, that did hurt my throat a little." But he ate two more, and nothing more was thought of the matter. A few hours later he felt faint, but he did not suspect the candy. The next day he was taken violently ill."

Surgeon Detects Method.

A police surgeon was summoned and an examination of the chocolate made. It was found that on the bottom of every piece was a small square mark showing that part of the casing had been removed, arsenic mixed with the cream inside, and then the plug carefully replaced, but not so skillfully that it could have baffled close inspection. Sir William was taken to the hospital, where physicians succeeded in getting rid of much of the poison, but most of it had been absorbed. The Commissioner's splendid physique and strong constitution are given as the chief reasons for his survival. Miss Drysdale was not taken ill."

Sir William's friends say they cannot

Victim of Poisoner



Sir William Horwood, Chief of Scotland Yard, who is seriously ill from eating chocolates sent him through the mail by unknown persons.

explain why he tripped, because he is known to be a most careful worker, keen on his profession and ever alert. They said it was as though a man who had been working under machine gun for years finally got his arm caught in a moment of carelessness. The detective is said to be more disturbed by the thought that he was an easy victim than with the condition resulting from the poison.

Scotland Yard officials say there is no reason to suspect a political plot, or the malicious act of a criminal who had a grudge against the victim. About a week ago a box of chocolate biscuits was sent to another Scotland Yard official. They were also in a cardboard box, wrapped in white paper, also addressed half in print and half in script, coming by parcel post. When opened there was a note reading: "A hearty lunch and a good appetite!" The biscuits were found to be laced with arsenic, but the matter was not reported.

Believed Sent by Woman.

The box was sent to the Home Office for analysis, and though the result has not been announced, it is understood that the package contained poison. This incident was not reported to the chief. Sir William's package was opened in the evening. The supposition that both were sent by the same person is supported by the fact that the wrapper of the chocolate was printed in the same manner as the wrapper of the biscuits, and the handwriting was a great similarity in the scrawl. The theory is that it is a woman's hand doing the mischief.

Gen. Sir Wyndham Childs, head of criminal investigation, told THE NEW YORK HERALD correspondent that Sir William's action in eating the chocolates could be explained only as a "temporary weakness on the part of my old friend and chief." He and other officials are greatly upset over the occurrence, and blame the Daily Mail, which published the inside story, for giving the guilty an opportunity to cover up in a statement to the press this morning. Gen. Childs says:

Denies Clew Was Destroyed.

The Evening News, commenting upon this, says: "While everybody has the deepest sympathy with Horwood in his illness, the utmost surprise has been caused by the imprudence of a chief commissioner of police in eating chocolates arriving casually from an unknown source. It was the case of a gallant soldier taking risks which would not have occurred to police officials brought up in police traditions. No clew was destroyed by publication of the facts."

"Had the police feared disclosure of the clew they would not in first place have published, as they did Thursday evening, the fact of Sir William's illness. Neither would they have drawn further attention to the outrage by issuing the surprising official statement last night that Sir William Horwood's illness is due to malicious administration of poison." The person who sent the chocolates, reading that, must have at once said, "They are my chocolates! There is no ground for the allegation that the Daily Mail betrayed a confidence. We are tempted to ask whether the publication of the fact that there was a burglary some weeks ago at the lost property office at Scotland Yard, occupied and guarded by the police themselves, destroyed their clews to the burglar. The whole story reveals the amount of stupidity and ingenuously on the part of the distinguished soldiers in charge of Scotland Yard."

The famous old organization of Scotland Yard has not recovered from the war. The best of those famous operatives who knew the likeness and habits of every crook in Europe—the C. I. D. men—were mustered wholesale into the military and naval intelligence. It was

endeavoring to undermine the entire constitutional system of the Labor party. The Yard has always taken the credit for breaking the strike in this fashion.

Devoted as were these phases, in political work, and still deprived of the services of many pre-war experts, the Yard admittedly has been lame in ordinary crime. Furthermore, men like Horwood passed through so many greater dangers during and immediately after the war that they are no doubt careless over day to day details of peace-time routine.

One former Yard man told THE NEW YORK HERALD correspondent to-day that such a box of chocolate as poisoned Horwood would never have been allowed to get within half a mile of the Commissioner's room in the old days. This must said that Horwood certainly could be excused for presuming anything that got as far as his inner sanctum must have been all right. He said the real blame attached to that portion of the staff who ought to go over everything before it reached the chief.

Yard Not Snappy Now.

American detectives who have been here a few months said they were not getting the "snappy" cooperation from the Yard that they used to in the old days. They could not find their old pals there and they say the new men are so wrapped up in post-war political problems that they did not have the old flair for strictly criminal work.

Checked Russian Agitation.

Furthermore, the Yard is proud of its ability in checking Russian agitation. It was shrewd detective work that resulted in Maxim Litvinoff's expulsion from the country. The Yard also has considered the work against the Irish extremists over. The Yard has always regarded the Wilson players as isolated fanatics. What they are able to point with pride to the completeness with which they baffled a number of well laid Irish plans to blow up various Government offices and kill officials directly connected with Irish affairs.

One report says the Yard was ready to reveal the full secret of Russian backing when the miners tried to get the railway men and transport workers to join them in the strike last year. But both the Yard and Lloyd George, then Prime Minister, knew that responsible labor leaders were ignorant of the effect Moscow had had upon their followers, and instead of making revelations which would have discredited the honest leaders as well as the dishonest agitators, the leaders were quietly tipped off as to who among their followers were

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